

THE HUMMER

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Is Leo Frank Guilty or Not?

From the daily papers comes the news that Leo Frank will either go to life imprisonment or go "scot free."

The Judge doubts his guilt and so does the majority of the American people. The Governor of Georgia has received nearly 100,000 letters appealing him to either pardon Frank or send him up for life. They will have great weight with whatever the Governor does when the time comes. Petitions by the dozens and signed by thousands are pouring into Atlanta every day. National feeling will have its result.

Bad Roads Killed Her.

The following from the Corinthian shows another good reason for having good roads:

A few years ago a beautiful woman in the prime of life lay suffering upon a sick bed in a rural community. It was imperative that she have a physician at once. The hired man was dispatched for one in haste.

He made the best time possible but the roads were muddy, and bad, and cut up, and traveling at best was very slow.

He lost much time in going, and the physician was equally delayed in his progress.

After many hours he finally reached the side of the sufferer. But death had beaten him—for death had no bad roads to cover.

Had the physician reached her a little sooner her life could have been saved.

But he did his best—and bad roads did the rest.

Bad roads killed this woman.

And bad roads are killing others every day in like manner.

Should Get Busy.

The towns that are not in any respect contributing to the building up, the establishment of industries, says an exchange, are simply against their own interest—sleeping on their own opportunities. Fortune it is said, knocks once at every man's door, and unless we answer the knock and invite her to enter we certainly will be lost out in the shuffle. Towns like individuals, must hustle and keep hustling, if they wish to ever succeed. What we need is citizens of enterprise and push and public spiritedness. Without these prerequisites, a town or community is nothing more or less than a notch on a stick. There are in every town, men of means who are spending most of their time holding on to their pocket book for fear a few dimes may gain circulation, and spending the rest of their time kicking against everything that is suggestive of enterprises. But such men are becoming very unpopular, as they should be, and soon they will be made to occupy a back seat in order to make room for the enterprising citizen. A town is much better off without such men than with them. They are a curse to any community, for they always stand in the way of progress.

Making Mistakes.

Men and women make mistakes, not because of desire always, but because they are possessed of human nature.

If we never made a mistake what would become of the world? How could we exist if nothing ever went wrong? It is impossible.

Man or woman makes a mistake thru different passions. Nine times out of ten they get cussed for their mistake instead of a helping hand to pull them out of the rut. Once down it is mighty hard for anybody to rise again, because the tongues of human beings lash him harder and harder. Sometimes though, he rises and throws off the shackles of knock downs and drag outs and "spites" his knockers with ultimate success. Tongues are always in the way of some man or woman who are really trying to gain success before the shadows fall on their withered brow. To those who can stand the gaff after making mistakes—you are the chosen children—you will make good!

Read This---Sure.

The "Gimlet" is one of the snappiest, humdingerist, sharpest little magazines we have ever read. It is published each month by "The Shapleigh Hardware Co" of St. Louis, Mo., and brilliantly edited by "Mike Kinney," who calls himself "The Teamster and Editor." If you want to read fun, logic, philosophy and facts, all weaved into snappy language, subscribe for the Gimlet. We hope to give many of the Gimlet's articles to our readers and we now begin with one that ought to make us sit and think. Here it is, think it over, sure:

"Only a storekeeper—that's all.

Down street—yes, in your own town.

Plain sort of a fellow, him—not much of a merchant,

no. Decent chap, though, and honest.

When you drop into his store, it's like him, plain.

He calls you "Bill," you call him "Jim;" home folks, you know.

He asks you how the children are, and wife, he knows them to.

He shows you what you want to buy, he tells you if its good or bad—and names the price.

"Just charge it Jim," you say, "I'm a little short right now."

"All right, Bill," he says, and wraps it up.

He pays his taxes here; he chips in all he can to help the fire department and police, the schools and churches.

He sits in lodge with you he calls around when you are sick.

He hires homefolks to clerk and keep his books; he buys his groceries, meat and clothes, the little furniture at home of neighbor merchants.

Tisn't much, but what it is, your town gets all the benefit.

Your bill comes due and still you are short of ready cash; "I'll have to stand you off awhile," you say.

"All right, Bill," says he, "I know you will pay me when you can," and neither growls nor grumbles.

Pretty decent sort of chap, isn't he?

You know it!

But what about the catalog you keep at home and study nights and Sunday?

You read the side show line of talk about the stuff it lists.

Yes, and when you have the coin, maybe, you make an order or some thing you think you've got to have and with the ordersend the dough; you buy it sight unseen.

In time the shipment comes—you'd hate to have Jim know. 'Course it's none of his business, but then, he might feel hurt because you haven't paid him what you owe.

Some how the plunder that you get don't seem so wonderful as the story of it read; in fact it isn't what you thought it was.

And if you are stung, as others often are, you don't put up a holler and ask your money back. Nary!

You read the line of talk again, and find the chap who wrote it was darn sight smoother than you thought; he worded his descriptions with such clever skill that you yourself, filled in his artful gaps and now you are stung, "you'd a leedle" rather no one'd find it out.

But Jim, Oh, that's another matter, quite. If accidentally you happen to forget to warm the axe you bought of him, before you chop, and bust a clean cut semicircle from its edge; or if the cook stove Mandy bought of Jim don't somehow suit her notions about the way it bakes or draws; or if the barrell churn he sold you slacks because the girl forgot to keep a little water in it—

Why, you go right back to Jim and if he doesn't hustle around and smile and hand you out another axe, no charge, or send a man to see the stove and clean your soot clogged chimney out, or tighten up your churn,—by thunder, you cut loose and rip him up the back and down again—that's different.

Yep!

Poor old Jim!

Only a storekeeper—that's all.

"He can't compete with mail order folks," you say; "he don't know how to buy; he hasn't the outlet; his prices are too high."

Listen!

If he can't compete the fault is yours as much as his.

You measure by a double standard. You finger over his stock, you blow your breath on his razor blades, you get his guarantee and then you stand him off and let him sweat until you are good and ready to pay,—while to the strangers, who neither know you nor care a tinker's cuss about you, you must pay before you see or get the goods.

You make Jim earn the slender profit that he makes on you; you make him be your banker when you are short of funds; you squeeze poor Jim and jew him down and strain the truth to beat the band; you strew his path with thorns and rocks.

And if your neighbors do like you and send their ready cash away to swell the sales of those who never help your town or you, some day, not very far away, poor Jim will reach the point where he can't longer hold the bag and then he closes up or moves away. there is one more vacant business room in town.

And real estate is on the bum—your town grows backwards—somehow taxes keep a climbing up, but stores are fewer, business worse and worse each year. The schools are getting punk, you've got to send your children to the city for a decent education—and for that you must pay cash.

Why?

Think it over."

The Royal Typewriter.

The Hummer respectfully calls your attention to the "Royal" ads that are now appearing in the paper each week. All Hummer editorials and special articles are first written on a ROYAL and we can vouch for its efficiency. Never have we clicked a machine that gave better satisfaction. Inspiration cups abound in its "insides" and we can assure you that its keys will unlock to you the secrets of its soul. It is a 42 centimeter for effectiveness and a humdinger for humming copy on time. Live in the rosy realms of rhythmic Royals and you will never have to run the rocky road to a radiant reputation.

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following parties as candidates for the offices named, subject to the Democratic primary election.

For District Attorney.

R. H. KNOX

For State Senate

JOE H. FORD

E. E. THORNTON

N. W. BRADFORD

For Legislature

J. A. LEWIS

J. W. WINTER

W. F. BUCHANAN

E. M. VERELL

I. V. ABERNETHY

J. J. DAVIS

For Sheriff

B. M. SMITH

JOE L. DAVIS

J. LUNDY SMITH

R. F. BEASLEY

H. W. NELSON

For Chancery Clerk

W. A. WILKINSON

TOM H. JOHNSON

H. E. BRANNON

For Tax Assessor

JESSE GILLIAM

ROWLAND C. KIRBY

JOHN T. MARIÓN

W. A. DENDY

W. J. WILLIAMS

J. A. HOBSON

ED ATKINSON

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